REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN DAY SERMON

Subject: "What Books Shall We Read? What Pictures Look At?"

Text: "Many of them also which used eurious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men: and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver."—Acts xix, 19.

Paul had been stirring up Ephesus with some lively sermons about the sins of that place. Among the more important results was the fact that the citizens brought out their bad books, and in a public place made a bonfire of them. I see the people coming out with their arms full of Ephesian literature, and tossing it into the flames. economist standing by and saying: "Stop this waste. Here are seven thousand five hundred dollar's worth of books—do you propose to burn them all up? If you don't want to read them yourselves, sell them, and let somebody else read them." "No," said the people, "if these books are not good for the people, "if these books are not good for us, they are not good for anybody else and we shall stand and watch until the last leaf has turned to ashes. They have done us a world of harm, and they shall never do others harm." Hear the flames crackle and

Well, my friends, one of the wants of the cities of this country is a great bonfire of bad books and newspapers. We have enough fuel to make a blaze 200 feet high. Many of the publishing houses would do well to throw into the blaze their entire stock of goods. Bring forth the insufferable trash, and put it into the fire, and let it be known, in the presence of God, and angels, and men, that you are going to rid your homes of the overtopping and underlying curse of profligate literature.

The printing press is the mightiest agency on earth for good and for evil. The minister of the Gospel, standing in a pulpit, has a responsible position; but I do not think it is as responsible as the position of an editor or a publisher. At what distant point of time, at what far out cycle of eternity, will cease the influence of a Henry J. Raymond, or a Horace Greeley, or a James Gordon Bennett, or a Watson Webb, or an Erastus Brooks, or a Thomas Kinsella! Take the simple statistics that our New York dailies now have a circulation of about eight hundred and fifty thousand per day, and add to it the fact that three of our weekly periodicals have an aggregate circulation of about one million, and then cipher, if y can, how far up, and how far down, and ho... far out, reach the influences of the American printing press. Great God! what is to be the issue of all this? I believe the Lord intends the printing press to be the the Lord intends the printing press to be the means for the world's rescue and evangelization, and I think that the great last battle of the world will not be fought with swords and guns, but with types and presses—a purified and gospel literature triumphing over, trampling down and crushing out forever that which is depraved. The only way to overcome unclean literature is by scattering abroad that which is healthful. May God speed the cylinders of an honest, intelligent, aggressive, Christian printing press.

aggressive, Christian printing press.

I have to tell you this morning that the greatest blessing that ever came to this nation greatest blessing that ever came to this nation is that of an elevated literature, and the greatest scourge has been that of unclean literature. This last has its victims in all occupations and Ims last has its victims in all occupations and departments. It has helped to fill insane asylums, and penitentiaries, and almshouses, and dens of shame. The bodies of this infection lie in the hospitals and in the graves, while their souls are being tossed over into a lost eternity, an avalanche of horror and despair. The London plague was nothing to it. That

The London plague was nothing to it. That counted its victims by thousands, but this modern pest has already shovelled its millions into the charnel-house of the morally dead. The longest rail-train that ever ran over the Erie or Hudson tracks was not long enough or large enough to carry the beastliness and the putrefaction which have been gathered up in bad books and newspapers of this land in the last twenty years.

the last twenty years.

Now, it is amid such circumstances that I put, this morning, a question of overmastering importance to you and your families. What books and newspapers shall we read? You see I group them together. A newspaper is only a book in a swifter and more portable shape, and the same rules which will apply to book reading will apply to news-paper reading. What shall we read? Shall our minds be the receptacle of everything that an author has a mind to write? Shall there be no distinction between the tree of life and the tree of death? Shall we stoop down and drink out of the trough which the wickedness of men has filled with pollution and shame? Shall we mire in impurity, chase fantastic will-o-the-wisps across the swamps, when we might walk in the bloom ss the combined. It is a history of

ing gardens of God! O no! For the sake of our present and everlasting welfare make an intelligent and Christian make an intelligent and Christian choice. Standing, as we do, chin deep in fictitious literature, the first question that many of the young people are asking me is: "Shall we read novels?" I reply: There are novels that are pure, good, Christian, elevating to the heart and ennobling to the life. But I have still further to say that I believe that ninety-nine out of the one hundred novels in this day are baleful and destructive to the last degree. A pure work of fiction is history things around us, with the licences and the assumed names of poetry. The world can never pay the debt which it owes to such fictitious writers as Hawthorne and McKenzie, and Landon and Hunt, and Arthur and Marion Harland, and others whose names are familiar to all. The follies of high life were never better exposed than by Miss Edgeworth. The memories of the past were never more faithfully embalmed than in the writings of Walter Scott. Cooper's novels are bealthfully redolent with the breath of the seaweed, and the air of the American forest. Charles Kingsley has smitten the morbidity of the world, and led a great many to appreciate the poetry of sound health, strong muscles, and fresh air. Thack-eray did a grand work in caricaturing the preeray and a grand work in carricaturing the pre-tenders to gentility and high blood. Dickens has built his own monument in his books, which are an everlasting plea for the poor, and the anathema of injustice. Now, I say, books like these, read at right times, and read in right proportion with other books, cannot help but be emphlying and purifying: but help but be ennobling and purifying; but alas for the loathsome and impure literature that has come upon this country in the shape of novels, like a freshet overflowing all the banks of decency and common sense! They are coming from some of the most celebrated pub-lishing houses of the country. They are coming lishing houses of the country. The our religious with recommendation of some of our religious newspapers. They lie on your centre table to curse your children, and blast with their infernal fires generations unborn. You find these books in the desk of the school miss, in these books in the desk of the school miss, in the trunk of the young man, in the steamboat cabin, on the table of the hotel reception room. You see a light in your child's room late at night. You suddenly go in and say: "What are you doing?" "I am reading." "What are you reading?" "A book." You look at the book: it is a bad book. "Where did you get it?" "I borrowed it." Alas, there are always those abroad who would like to loan your son or daughter like to loan your son or daughter a bad book! Everywhere, everywhere an unclean literature. I charge upon it the destruction of ten thousand immortal souls, and I bid you this morning wake up to the magni-tude of the theme. I shall take all the world's literature—good novels and bad, travels true literature—good novels and bad, travels true and false, histories faithful and incorrect egends beautiful and monstrous, all tracts, all chronicles, all epilogues, all family, city, State and national libraries—and pile them up in a pyramid of literature, and then I shall bring to bear upon it some grand, glorious, infallible, unmistakable Christian principles. God help me to speak with reference to my last account, and God help you to listen.

I charge you, in the first place, to stand aloof from all books that give false pictures

of human life. Life is neither a tragedy nor Men are not all either knaves or Women are neither angels nor furies. And yet, if you depended upon much of the literature of the day, you would get the idea that life, instead of being something earnest, something practical, is a fitful and fantastic vagant thing. How poorly pre pared are that young man and women for the duties of to-day who spent last night wading through brilliant passages descriptive of magnificent knavery and wickedness! The man will be looking all day long for his beroine, in the tin shop, by the forge, in the fac-tory, in the counting-room, and he will not find her, and he will be dissatisfied. A man who gives himself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be nerveless, inane and a nuisance. He will be fit neither for the store, nor the shop, nor the store, nor the shop, nor the field. A woman who gives herself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be unfitted reading of novels will be unfitted for the duties of wife, mother, sister, daughfor the duties of wife, mother, sister, daughter. There she is, hair disheveled, countenance vacant, cheeks pale, hands trembling, bursting into tears at midnight over the fate of some unfortunate lover; in the day-time,

when she ought to be busy, staring by the half-hour at nothing; biting her finger nails into the quick. The carpet, that was plain before, will be plainer after having wandered through a romance all night long in tesselated halls of castles. And your industrious companion will be more unattractive than ever, now that you have walked in the romance through parks with plumed princesses, or lounged in the arbor with the polished desperado. Oh, these confirmed novel readers! They are unfitted for this life, which is a tre-They are unitted for this life, which is a tre-mendous discipline. They know not how to go through the furnaces of trial through which they must pass, and they are unfitted for a world where everything we gain we achieve by hard, long-continuing and ex-

achieve by hard, long-continuing and exhaustive work.

Again: abstain from all those books which, while they have some good things about them, have also an admixture of evil. You have read books that had two elements in them—the good and the bad. Which stuck to you? The bad! The heart of most people is like a sieve, which lets the small particles of gold fall through, but keeps the great cinders. Once in a while there is a mind like a load-stone, which, plunged amid steel and brass filings, gathers up the steel and repels the brass. But it is generally just the opposite. If you attempt to plunge through a hedge of burrs to get one blackberry, you will get more burrs than blackberries. You cannot afford to read a bad book, bowever good you are. You say: "The influence is insignificant." I tell you that the scratch of a pin has sometimes produced the lock-jaw. Alas, if thas sometimes produced the lock-jaw. Alas, if through curiosity, as many do, you pry into an evil book, your curiosity is as dangerous as that of the man who would take a torch into that of the man who would take a torch into a gunpowder mill merely to see whether it would blow up or not. In a menagerie in New York, a man put his arm through the bars of a black leopard's cage. The animal's hide looked so sleek, and bright, and beautiful. He just stroked it once. The monster seized him, and he drew forth a hand torn, and menaged and blacking. O tach not only love. him, and he drew forth a hand torn, and mangled, and bleeding. O, touch not evil, even with the faintest stroke. Though it may be glossy and beautiful, touch it not, lest you pull forth your soul torn and bleeding under the clutch of the black leopard. "But," you say, "how can I find out whether a book is good or bad without reading it?" There is

say, "how can I find out whether a book is good or bad without reading it?" There is always something suspicious about a bad book. I never knew an exception—something suspicious in the index or style of illustration. This venomous reptile almost always carries a warning pattle.

Again: I charge you to stand off from all those books which corrupt the imagination and inflamethe passions. I do not refer now to that kind of a book which the villain has under his coat waiting for the school to get out, and then, looking both ways to see that here is no policeman around the block, offers the book to your son on his way home. I do not speak of that kind of literature, but that which evades the law and comes out in polished style, and with acute plot sounds the toesin that rouses up all the baser passions of the soul. To-day under the nostrils of this land, there is a fetid, reeking, unwashed literature, enough to poison all the fountains of public virtue, and smite your sons and daughters as with the wing of a destroying angel, and it is time that the ministers of the Gospel blew the trumpet and rallied the forces of righteousness, all armed to the teeth, in this great battle against a depraved literature.

Again: abstaiu from those books which are apologetic of crime. It is a sad thing that which evades the law and comes out in polished

apologetic of crime. It is a sad thing that some of the best and most beautiful book-bindery, and some of the finest rhetoric, have been brought to make sin attractive. Vice is been brought to make sin attractive. Vice is a horrible thing any how. It is born in shame, and it dies howling in the darkness. In this world it is scourged with a whip of scorpions, but afterwards the thunders of God's wrath pursue it across a boundless desert, beating it with win and were. with ruin and woe. When you come to paint carnality, do not paint it as looking from behind embroidered curtains, or through lattice

of royal seraglio, but as writhing in the agonies of a city hospital. Cursed be the books that try to make impurity decent, and crime attractive, and hypocrisy noble! Cursed be the books that swarm with libertines and desperadoes, who make the brain of the young people whirl with villainy! Ye authors who write them, ye publishers who print them, ye booksellers who distribute them, shall be cut to pieces, if who distribute them, shall be that the precision of by an aroused community, then at last by the hail of Divine vengeance, which shall sweep to the lowest pit of perdition all yemurderers of souls. I tell you, though you may escape in this world, you will be ground at last under the hoof of eternal calamities, and you will be chained to the rock, and you will have the vultures of despair clawing at your soul, and those whom you have destroyed will come around to torment you, and to pour hotter coals of fury upon your head, and rejoice eternally in the outcry of your pain and the howl of your damnation. "God shall wound the howl of your of him that gooth or in his treasuress."

damnation. "God shall wound the hairy scalp of him that goeth on in his trespasses." The clock strikes midnight. A fair form bends over a romance. The eyes flash fire. The breath is quick and irregular. Occasionally the color dashes into the cheek, and then dies out. The hands tremble as though a guardian spirit were trying to shake the deadly book out of the grasp. Hot tears fall. She laughs with a shrill voice that drops dead at its own sound. The sweat on her brow is the spray dashed up from the river of death The clock strikes "four," and the rosy dawn soon after begins to look through the lattice upon the pale form that looks like a detained upon the pale form that floks like a detailed spectre of the night. Soon, in a madhouse, she will mistake her ringlets for curling serpents, and thrust her white hand through the bars of the prison and smite her head, rubbing it back as though to push the scalp from the skull, shrieking: "My brain! my brain!" Oh, stand off from that! Why will you go sounding your way amid the reefs and warning buoys, when there is such a vast ocean in

ing buoys, when there is such a vast ocean in which you may voyage, all sail set?

There is one other thing I shall say this morning before I leave you, whether you want to hear it or not. That is, that I consider the lascivious pictorial literature of the day as most tremendous for ruin. There is no one who can like good pictures better than I The quickest and most condensed way of impressing the public mind is by picture
What the painter does by his brush for a few the engraver does by his knife nillion. What the author accomplishes by fifty pages, the artist does by a flash. The best part of a painting that costs ten thousand dollars you may but for ten cents. Fine paintings belong to the artistograpy of art. Engravings belong to the cracy of art. Eng democracy of art. good pictures in your homes. Spread them before your children, after the tea-hour is Spread them past, and the evening circle is gathered. Throw them on the invalid's couch. Strew them through the rail-train to cheer the traveler on his journey. Tack them on the wall of the nursery. Gather them in albums and of the nursery. Gather them in albums and portfolios. God speed the good pictures on their way with ministries of knowledge and

But what shall I say of the prostitution of this art to purposes of iniquity? These death-warrants of the soul are at every street cor-ner. They smite the vision of the young man with pollution. Many a young man buying a copy has bought his eternal discomiture. There may be enough poison in one picture to poison one soul, and poison in one bad one soul, and that picture to poison one soul, and that soul may poison ten, and ten fifty, and the fifty hundreds, and the hundreds thousands, until nothing but the measuring line of eternity can tell the height, and depth, and ghastliness, and horror of the great undoing. The work of death that the wicked author does in a whole book the bad ngraver may do on a half side of a pictorial. Under the guise of pure mirth, the young man buys one of these sheets. He unrolls it before his comrades amid roars of laugh-ter, but long after the paper is gone the result may perhaps be seen in the blasted imagination of those who saw it. The queen of death holds a banquet every night, and these periodicals are the printed invitation to her guests. Alas that the fair brow of American art should be blotched with this plague-spot, and that philanthropists, bother-ing themselves about smaller evils, should lift up no united and vehement voice against this

great calamity.
Young man! buy not this moral strychnine for your soul! Pick not up this nest of coiled adders for your pocket! Patronize no news stand that keeps them! Have your room bright with good engravings; but for these unclean pictorials have not one wall, not one bureau, not one pocket. A man is no better than the pictures he loves to look at. If your eyes are not pure, your heart cannot be. At a news stand one can guess the character of the man by the kind of pictorial he pur-When the devil fails to get a man to read a bad book, he sometimes succeeds in getting him to look at a bad picture. When Satan goes a-fishing he does not care whether it is a long line or a short line, if he only victim in. Beware of lascivious

pictorials young man; in the name of Al-might God I charge you.

If I have this morning successfully laid down any principles by which you may judge in regard to books and newspapers then I have done something which I thall not be ashamed of on the day which shall try every

man's work, of what sort it is.

Cherish good books and newspapers. Beware of the bad ones. One column may save your soul; one paragraph may rum it. voted against you at the Benjamin Franklin said that the reading of a didn't know you then."

"Cotton Mather's Essay on Deing Good" molded his entire life. The assassin of Lord Russell declared that he was led into crime by reading one vivid romance. The consecrated John Angell James, than whom England never produced a better man, declared in his old days that he had never yet got over the evil effects of having for fifteen minutes once read a bad book. But I need not go so far off. I could come near home, and tell you of something that occurred in my college days. I could tell you of a comrade who was great hearted.

near nome, and ten you of sometime, and cocurred in my college days. I could tell you of a comrade who was great hearted, noble, and generous. He was studying for an honorable profession: but he had an infidel book in his trunk, and he said to me one day: "De Witt, would you like to read it?" I answered: "Yes, I would." I took the book and read it only for a few minutes. I was really startled with what I saw there, and I handed the book back to him and said: "You had better destroy that book." No, he kept it. He read it. He re-read it. After a while he gave up religion as a myth. He gave up God as a nonenity. He gave up the Bible as a fable. He gave up the Church of Christ as a useless institution. He gave up good morals as being unnecessarily stringent. I have heard of him but twice in many years. The time before the last I heard of him, he was a confirmed inebriate. The last time I heard of him, he was coming out of an insane asylum—in hear mind and coul an awful wreek. I he was coming out of an insane asylum—in body, mind and soul an awful wreck. I be-lieve that one infidel book killed him for two

worlds.
Go home to-day, and look through your library, and then, having looked through your library, look on the stand where you keep your pictorials and newspapers, and apply the Christian principles I have laid down this morning. If there is anything in your home that cannot stand the test, do not give it worlds. away, for it might spoil an immortal soul; do not sell it, for the money you get would be the price of blood; but rather kin-dle a fire on your kitchen hearth, or in your die a nre on your kitchen hearth, or in your back yard, and then drop the poison in it, and keep stirring the blaze until from preface to appendix there shall not be a single paragraph left, and the bonfire in Brooklyn shall be as consuming as that one in the streets of Ephesus.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Recent experiments seem to establish the fact that the germs of ordinary infectious diseases cannot withstand an exposure to day heat of 230 degrees Farenheit, or an exposure of five minutes to boiling water or steam at 212 degrees.

Owing to the increased electrical intensity of the atmosphere, which is induced by the continual evolution of steam and smoke, Dr. Andries estimates that the danger from lightning is from three to five times greater than it was fif-

Carbonic acid, produced by the action of vinegar on marble, is supposed to have been used as an anæsthetic by the ancient Egyptians and Greeks. M. Ch. Ozsnam reports to the Paris Biological Society that anæsthesia induced by carbonic acid is very complete, may last a long time, and—the gas, of course, being mixed with the air—is without danger.

A health journal accounts for the strange sensations experienced by some persons upon looking down from great heights, by the confused condition of the mind produced by the new situation in which they find themselves. It is the unusual surroundings that disturb the faculties. People accustomed to great elevations do not experience any morbid sensations.

The diameter of locomotive driving wheels has been greatly increased to produce augmented speed. The largest yet noted are for a mammoth engine on one the French roads. This locomotive has six coupled wheels 81 feet in diameter, and the tender and cars are to have wheels of the same dimensions, the calculation being that with such a train a speed of about seventy-eight miles an hour can be obtained. The cars will be swung inside, and between several pairs of wheels.

Wood oil is made on a large scale in Sweden from the refuse of timber cuttings and forest clearings, and from stumps and roots; and, although it can- and observant, that we may delight in not well be burned in common lamps oh account of the heavy proportion of carbon it contains, it furnishes a satisfactor light in lamps especially made for it and in its natural state is said to be the cheapest of illuminating oils. factories produce about 40,000 liters of the oil daily; turpentine, creosote, acetic acid, charcoal, coal tar oils and other useful substances are also obtained from the same materials.

The absolute dimensions of a globular star cluster have been studied by Mr. J. E. Gore, of the Liverpool Astronomical Society. These clusters consist of thousands of minute stars, possibly moving about a common centre of gravity. One of the most remarkable of these objects is thirteen Messier, which Proctor thinks is about equal to a first magnitude star. Yet Herschell estimated that it is made up of 14,000 stars. Assuming the total mass as equal to twice the sun's, the average diameter of each of these components must be 45,218 miles, and each star in this wonderful group may be separated from the next by distance of 9,000 miles.

A Cloak of Gold Feathers.

At the coronation of King Kalakua in 1883, writes a correspondent from Honolulu, he wore the royal mantle of Kamehameha I., one of the most superb emblems of royality ever worn by king or kaiser. As may be supposed, it is carefully kept at the palace. It is a semicircular cloak, about four feet in length, covering an area of twenty-five square feet when spread out, and it is made of the small golden-hued feathers of the O-o. These feathers, each about the size of one's little finger nail are fastened to a fine network of fibre, made from the bark of the olona, overlaying each other. There are at least 5,000 of these feathers used in the cloak, there are but two taken from each bird, which has to be snared in the dense woods, the feathers plucked and the bird released; it was a crime ro kill them. The birds are by no means abundant, necessarily the value of the cloak is very great, and the keeping of it an endless task. The mantle is worn only by the reigning sovereign. There are shorter capes and cloaks worn by Alies or chiefs, their length being regulated by the rank of the wearer.

General Harrison and the Farmer.

General Harrison, during his month's sojourn at the White House, made himself very popular, says Ben: Perley Poore. He arose every morning with the sun, took a long walk, often returning through the market. On one of these occasions he purchased a new milch cow from a neighboring farmer, and requested him to drive it to the President's house. The general was there to attend to the animal, and invited the farmer to take some refreshment, procured a bowl of hot coffee, ham and eggs, and continued con-

versation with him about farming.

The farmer, having finished his breakfast, remarked to the General: "You have bought my cow and given me \$2 more than I asked, and a good breakfast besides, but if it wouldn't be too much trouble I would like to have a look of the President before I go." "I am the President," replied the General. The farmer at first looked incredulous, having taken his hospitable friend for the steward but, convinced of his mistake, with much frankness observed: "Well, General, I voted against you at the election, but I

RELIGIOUS READING.

A Teacher's Prayer. Up to me sweet childhood looketh, Heart, and mind, and soul awake, reach me of thy ways, oh, Father,

For sweet childhood sake. In their young hearts, soft and tender, Guide my hands good seeds to sow, That its blossoming may praise Thee, Wheresoe'er they go.

Give to me a cheerful spirit, That my little flock may see It is good and pleasant service-To be taught of Thee.

Father, order all my footsteps. So direct my daily way, That in following me the children May not go astray.

Let Thy holy counsel lead me; Let Thy light before me shine, That they may not stumble over Word or deed of mine.

Draw us hand in hand to Jesus. For His word's sake—unforget— 'Let the little ones come to me And forbid them not."

Prayer for the Stranger.

A young lady from one the British provinces lately came to Boston seeking employment. In a church she attended the pastor's prayer had some fervent petitions for the stranger. Her heart was greatly affected upon an allusion so interesting to herself. She felt she was cared for, though unknown to the preacher, and though far from her own home. She must attend that church again, under the influence of such an attraction. At her next attendance a sermon about the Prodigal Son, gave her impressions speedily resulting in her conversion and union with the church. She has returned to her distant home, rejoicing in such a blessed result of her visit to that city, and never to forget the pastor whose prayer for the stranger had an issue of which he had not dreamed, and which will give new stimulus to the fervor of his interest in behalf of strangers and visitors there from distant lands. Cannot other preachers see their own duty and privilege in the fact above related? "I was a stranger, and ye took Me in."

A Prayer.

A lady, who has used the following old and beautiful prayer during many years of happy married life, feels that were its spirit in the minds of those who enter the relation of husband and wife there would be less work for divorce

"Lord, bless and preserve that dear person whom thou has chosen to be my nusband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy, and let me also become a great blessing and a comfort unto him, a sharer in all his sorrows, a meet helper in all his accidents and changes in the world; make me amiable forever in his eyes, and forever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity and compliance; keep me from all ungentleness and discontentedness and unreasonableness of passion and humor, and make me humble and obedient, useful each other according to thy blessed word, and both of us may rejoice in thee, having our portion in the love and service of God forever. Amen."

What to Teach the Heathen. If a live heathen wants to know what has become of his dead ancestors, let prompt reply ie: "I cannot say more than that the judge of all the earth will do right and that there never can be in this world or the next, any just cause for complaining of God's dealings with any human soul," and there stop. If a distressed Pagan mother wants to know what has become of her dead child, let the precious words of Christ be quoted, who said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." No man, preacher or layman, We want no new machinery. We want workmen as missionaries who are not ashamed or afraid to teach as Christ taught, and who will not insist on teach.

ing some other way .-- [Independent. Perhaps a little straightforward preaching and teaching of the command of Christ to his disciples, to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, on the part of both preachers and theological seminarians, leaving all inferences about the future state of the heathen to take care of themselves. would serve to increase the number of missionary students and the amount of missionary contributions as well. The most successful soldiers are those who at home or abroad, can safely go further in either case. The unrevealed ways of God in the future world are past finding out. We say let the American Board travel in the paths of revealed truth. Let them ask the help of men to enter the open fields of the world in order to preach the gospel to every creature, leaving all their speculations about the dead and future probation behind them. obey orders without asking questions, and the most successful propagandists of Christianity have been those who preached the facts of the gospel and did not split hairs ab ut questions that no human being knows anything about. - Philadelphia Times,

Argument may silence an objector. but scarcely ever wins the heart. It is the exhibition of divine love that melts. The darkness of night is scattered impe ceptibly and noisel ssly by the rising sun. - | W. Cochrane.

Out of 645 samples of wine examined in Paris last month, 450 were declared injurious. The report, of course, only refered to the presence of deleterious foreign ingredients. How many wine drinkers have any conception of the nastv and deadly concoctions they are using in a vain attempt to use something which "will not injure."

"The saloon," says the Toledo Blade. 'is a political factor of dire portent to the nation."

TEMPERANCE.

To Take It Is Folly. Strong Drink is a sower Of malice and strife, A poison that cankers The fountains of life. Strong Drink's a deceiver, .

As thousands have found; He tells me that pleasure With him shall abound. Strong Drink is a jailer; Ah! has he not bound Ten thousand poor drunkards Like slaves to the ground? -S. Knowles, in Temperance Banner.

The large number of indictments against liquor sellers found by the grand jury at the present term of court speaks of an awakened public sentiment against liquor selling, and increased efficiency on the part of public officials in the enforcement of the law. We think the opponents of prohibitory laws, who declare that public sentiment has weakened in regard to the enforcement of the laws and the promotion of temperance forget with what great difficulty indictments were obtained against liquor sellers when

"A Long Step Forward in Maine."

the first prohibitory law was enacted, and deceive themselves in regard to the progress of public opinion upon this matter. In the early days of prohibition very few liquor indictments were found by grand juries. County attorneys would not give the law a faithful support. In many cases they instructed grand juries decidedly against it. Sheriffs and municipal officers were opposed to enforcement, or so slow to act for fear of offending the liquor selling interest that their efforts were of no avail. But as time has gone on, juries, officers, and public have been passing through an educational process, so that officers now enforce the law impartially and faithfully as they do any other law, grand juries will indict according to the evidence of guilt presented, and the public will not only sustain officers in doing their duty, but demand its faithful performance. There has been a long step forward in Maine in regard to the enforcement of the prohibitory liquor laws during the last thirty years. Whatever liquor dealers may say to the countrary, the consumption of intoxicating liquors in Maine has vastly decreased during that time, and public opinion has as certainly gone forward in favor of measures for the suppression of the liquor traffic. The prohibitory prin ciple is engrafted upon the constitution of the State by the will and act of the people, there to remain as long as the State stands. The large list of indict-

ments found in Kennebec County at the present term is significant of the people's wishes and demands for the strict enforcement of the laws for the suppression of drinking shops, and vigorous work against those who are engaged in the illegal traffic. The friends of temperance are going shoulder to shoulder against the traffic, which is evil and nothing but evil, and they will drive it into closer quarters than it has ever yet occupied. We trust the law will be executed with a firm and impartial hand, so that no guilty man may be allowed to escape. Let the temperance laws be enforced as faithfully as other laws are. If men will transgress the laws against dram-selling, of which they cannot be ignorant, let them suffer the penalty. They have nobody to blame

but themselves for whatever punishment

may be meted out to them, for they knew from the commencement that their business was illegal and that they were liable to prosecution and punishment. - Augusta (Me.) Journal. "The Foe of Good Government. The saloon has few friends-none to be proud of. There is no body, whose presence is not a menace to the community, who would not like to see the saloon go, and go to stay. It has been a law-breaker. It has been a place that has thrived either on the weakness or the vice of humanity. It has not given value received. It has been the rendezvous of

the criminal, the friend of no one but the poor-house and the prison. If all this was not enough to condemn it and to secure sentence of banishment, then let it be remembered that the saloon has not the decency of conscious indecency. It thrusts itself forward, and, a lawbreaker itself, seeks to dictate legislation. The foe of good government, it brought its stench and its ill-gotten pelf into politics, and actually commanded all parties to do obedience to it. It forced the issue. In its foolhardiness it left the choice between its supremacy or extinction. If it had possessed the modesty even of half common sense, it might have lingered in Iowa for some years yet. It was as impudent as vile, and now it has got it in the neck, and good enough for it. Even its victims are glad to hear the door of the saloon go shut with a vigorous bang. Those, too, who served it in fear, now that there is nothing to fear, laugh at its calamity. The friends of the saloon-who are they, anyhow?-Sioux City (Ia.) Journal.

England's Crime. The following is an extract from an address recently delivered by Archdeacon Farrar in Prince's Hall, London:

"The days were when this drink traffic, with lower and weaker nations, was nothing but an error; but now that we know the result of it-now that we have flagrant proof of the havoe it has caused among them, it has ceased to be an error, and it has become a crime. I venture to express the feeling of this great meeting, and say that, as regards the continuance of the drink traffic, with these lower and weaker and more passionately excited and more easily tempted races-in the name of Scripture, in the name of morality, in the name of suffering nations, in the name of a merciful and compassionate God, we denounce it as a crime."

Of 119 graduates of Delaware College, Delaware, Ohio, ninety-seven are Prohibitionists.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

How to Cure Warts.

Place the thumb upon the wart, and press it against the bone. Move the wart back and forth upon the bone until the roots become irritated or sore, when the wart will disappear. I have had quite a number upon my hands, and have got rid of all of them in the above manner .-Scientific American.

The Best Time to Bathe. It is best to bathe just before going to bed, as any danger of catching cold is thus avoided, and the complexion is improved by keeping warm for several hours after leaving the bath. A couple of pounds of bran put into a thin bag and then in the bath tub is excellent for softening the skin. It should be left to soak in a small quantity of water several hours before being used. The internal aids to a clear complexion are most of them well known, and the present season is the best for a thorough cleansing and purifying of the blood. The old-fashioned remedy of sulphur and molasses is considered among the best. Charcoal powdered and taken with water is said to be excellent, but is most difficult to take. A strictly vegetable and fruit diet is followed by many for one or two weeks. -London Lancet. .

Medical Uses of Common Salt.

The power of the soda used in cooking to relieve the pain of burns is now extensively known. Its usefulness is enhanced by its being so common as to be usually within reach. Somewhat akin to this is the efficacy of table salt in certain forms Department, including a number of comof inflammation. It is a remedy that petent naval instructors, the academy was finds a place in nearly all countries and households.

But the very fact that these articles are so familiar in domestic use makes it difficult to regard them as powerful remedies. It would be quite otherwise if they were rare, and could be obtained only of the druggist. It may not be amiss, therefore, to refer to what is marvelous in

their chemical composition. The base, or fundamental element, in each is the same,—a most wonderful metal, which burns with an intense flame | as they were required, and as the neceswhen heated to a temperature twenty two degrees less than that of boiling water. This metal is sodium. Combine it in the proper proportion with carbonic acid,—the gas thrown off from burning coal,—and "soda," or, more properly, bicarbonate of soda, is produced. Let it combine with chlorine, which forms, in chemical union with lime, one of our most powerful disinfectants, and we have the familiar salt of our tables.

It should be impressed on the minds of our readers that there is the highest medical authority for the statement that there is nothing better than common salt for any ordinary inflammation of the throat, mouth, or nasal passages. Dis-solve a dessert spoonful in a coffee cup, and gargle the solution, or snuff it up the nose until it comes out into the back mouth. Repeat two or three times a day until cured.

Dr. Thackery, of Philadelphia, has found that salt is effective in the most violent attacks of erysipelas, and, more over, leaves no unsightly scars behind. He uses a saturated solution that is as strong as it can be made, and simply keeps the parts covered with a cloth wet with At the same time he cools the system with a dose of Epsom salts, mixed with lemon juice, and orders a light farinaceous diet.

As erysipelas is sudden in. its attacks. and so speedy in its action, those located at a distance from doctors, would do well to make a special note of this-Youth's Companion.

An Astonished Secfetary.

A story is told in the Washington correspondence of the Baltimore Sun of s young lady, the daughter of a dead army officer, who, to assist in supporting her mother and sister, applied for an appointment in the Treasury Department. The writer says:

John Sherman was then secretary, The courageous little girl called upon the Secretary and stated her case. She said she was willing to do almost anything that would enable her to provide for her mother. The Secretary said he had nothing for her to do, but assured her that he would cheerfully assist her whenever an opportunity presented itself. The little girl insisted that there was plenty of work around the department which ought to be done, and she expressed herself willing to turn her hand to any grade of employment. She became so persistent that the Secretary was at a loss for a pretext to get rid of her. She surveyed him from head to foot, and observing that his boots were not well shined, remarked with much earnestness: "Mr. Sherman, I think there is something I can do tor you, if you will permit me, and that is to give your boots a first-class shine. My case is more desperate than you imagine, and I will accept a position as departmental bootblack." The Secretary was so astonished that it was several seconds before he recovered sufficiently to direct his clerk to have the young lady appointed to a \$900 clerkship. She has ace married and is doing well.

Killing Robbers in Mexico.

While the robbers were ransacking the town a dozen men ran to the shore, cut small holes in the boats in which the robbers came, and plugged them with mud. The boats were launched and the marauders set out on their return voyage, highly elated at the successful raid. Before going a mile, however, the water began to soften the clay and the huge log dug-outs began to fill. Every effort was made to reach the shore, but the openings increased rapidly and soon the boats were full of water and the occupants were obliged to jump overboard and cling to the sides of their submerged crafts to keep from drowning. About daylight, a company of 100 men was formed and set out in boats to the spot where the half-drowned men were still hanging to their crafts. Some, however, had lost their hold and had sunk to the bottom, while the others were so exhausted that they were unable to make any resistance. The fishermen attacked them and soon not a robber was left to tell the tale of their defeat. The bodies of the dead men sank to the bottom of the lake, where they remained for days. Having dispatched the marauders, the boats were towed ashore and all of the stolen property recovered .- Pittsburg

A Tragedy of the Times. His occiput was shattered, And his frontal lobe was battered,

And his brains were badly scattered On the ground; On the ground; His back was dislocated, And his elbows both mismated, And his flesh was desiccat.d All around.

He was punished for what reason? Was it arson, murder, treason? No; once more has come the season Of baseball. He was from no cannon fired, But by rival nines was hired And—poor fellow—he umpired, That was all.

NAVAL CADETS.

ADMIRAL PORTER DESCRIBES THE ANNAPOLIS ACADEMY.

How it was Established-What is Required of Would-be Pupils-Fitting Boys for Officers in the Navy, Etc.

It would be tedious, says Admiral David Porter, in Youth's Companion, to enumerate the many efforts made by naval officers to obtain an appropriation from Congress for the establishment of a naval school; but the parsimony which ruled the national Legislature prevented their success, and until 1845, nothing of consequence was effected in the direction of a higher education for those who were to command our ships and squadrons.

But a new era dawned upon the navy with the appointment of Mr. George Bancroft as Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Bancroft was a man of learning, who thoroughly appreciated the value of education to a body of officers who were expected to properly represent their country abroad in more than one capacity.

Mr. Bancroft one day asked an officer of the navy what he could best do to make his administration of naval affairs remembered. 'Establish a Naval Academy, sir," was the answer, "and the navy will remember you forever."

"It shall be done," said the Secretary; and soon afterward, with the simple means then at the disposal of the Navy established, on the 10th of October, 1845. at "Fort Severn," its present site. Fort Severn was an old army post es-

tablished by the Government in 1808, at a time when Annapolis was considered a point of military importance. The grounds and buildings were transferred by the War to the Navy Department. The officers' quarters, storehouses, etc.,

were utilized for the accommodation of the midshipmen and their instructors, and other buildings added from time to sary funds could be procured from Con-

At this day the Academy has assumed, so far as the appliances for education are concerned, an equality with West Point, the course of study being equally scientific, though varied to suit the requirements of the naval profession.

Great efforts are made by many young gentlemen, from the age of fourteen up to the age of eighteen, to obtain the appointment of cadet at the Naval Academy. Those who visit the place are struck by the air of comfort and good order that pervades every department.
The large building for the accommodation of the cadets, with its commodious sleeping apartments, reception-rooms and spacious dining-hall, with its well-spread board, all look very tempting to the average youth, by comparison with the attractions of the boarding-school.

Then comes a course of worrying parents and friends to obtain an appointment at this admirable institution, cadet receives a salary of five hundred dollars a year besides his education, and the prospect, in the future, of traveling about the world in Government vessels free of expense, and obtaining that practical knowledge which is not to be ob-

tained in books. But now comes the question: What kind of boy does the Government want to educate for the position of an officer? It is certainly not one who enters the navy merely to obtain a life position and amuse himself in traveling, although such mo-tives may be natural to youth; but the Government is a stern master, with no sympathy for anything outside the strict

line of duty.

The Naval Academy was established n order that the cadets should obtain. during their four years' course, the professional and general information necessary to enable the Government to utilize their services, particularly in time of war. To succeed in the navy a man must be a worker, a thinker and a student. The elements of navigation learned from some old merchant captain in years gone by would not answer for the naval officer of to-day, and although, like his predecessors, merely "food for gunpowder," he will have the satisfaction of dying with his head filled with calculus, thoroughly imbued with those beautiful

property. There is no institution where so many subjects bearing on the naval profession are studied as at the Annapolis Academy, ending in the fourth year of the course with the higher branches of mathematics, naval architecture and construction, naval tactics, ordnance, steam, fortification, drawing, international law, and a variety of practical exercises and detail

devices for the destruction of life and

studies A professor from Harvard University. who was recently a member of the Annual Board of Examiners at Annapolis, pronounced the Academy course to be better learned, considering the variety of subjects studied, than that at Cambridge. But these were not ordinary boys whom the professor commended; they were examples of the "survival of the fittest," selections from the fourth, third, second and first classes, weeded out from course to course, until but a fraction of the original number remained in the Acad-

It may be thought that the academie course is unnecessarily severe, and that the Government exacts too much in the way of theoretical study from the cadets; but if ten only in every hundred who start in the race reach the highest honors, that is a reason why the Government should aim at a high standard, for it is better to get ten accomplished scholars than a larger number of indifferent ones.

There is a reason for everything, and it is certain that those who reach the winning post, in a majority of instances, owe their success to the fact that they were properly prepared when they entered the academy; that they were of robust constitution, and active habits; that they were steady, and methodical, and careful to conform to the rules and regulations established for the government of the institution; and, to crown all, exhibited that adaptability for the naval service which counts so much with the officers who are the practical instructors

of the cadets. When the Government has succeeded in adding an officer with these high acquirements to the navy, it is a subject for congratulation, although the cost in money for each graduate is, at least, \$22,000, and every graduate has still two years to serve at sea before passing his final examination, which establishes his

position on the navy register.

The position of an officer in the navy is accessible to any brave boy, having the necessary physical and mental qualifications, who, after securing his appoint-ment, will look the ordeal squarely in the face, and make up his mind to meet it.

Among the things cheapened by dishonest tricks is "skimmed" oil of peppermint, by which is meant the oil deprived of its menthol.